AUM

As the one fire, after it has entered the world, though one, becomes different according to what it burns, thus the One Self within all things, becomes different according to whatever it enters, but it exists apart.

There is one Eternal Thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts; He, though one, fulfils the desires of many. The wise, who perceive Him within their self, to them belong eternal life, eternal peace.—*Upanishads.*

THE PATH.

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LETTERS ON THE TRUE.

IV.

My Comrades :—

That the way to the Immortal lies through the heart of man, is evident to him who observes that in it arise all those feelings which drive him into thought and action and constitute the sum of his life. A primary study of the office and nature of the heart then suggests itself to the wise student, for it is far easier to sink back into the eternal than to dive. The diver must needs have power to retain breath against the rush caused by diving, while to sink back gives time to get and keep breath.

As to the office of the heart of man—by heart I mean that physiolog-

ical organ which is also the psychological seat of the various emotions and desires whose total we call "mind." "I have changed my mind," is really to say I have changed my desire. The Hindu philosopher calls it "Manas; the heart; the internal organ of perception which receives the external impression of the senses and transmits them through the consciousness (Ahankara) and the intellect (Buddhi) to the soul, and is the seat of the passions."[1] The seat of the astral soul being in the heart, that spark causes the systole and diastole of the heart by its own vibration in unison with the whole body of Astral Light. We can thus conceive of the heart as "pumping up" such light along the nervous system (just as it does the blood through the circulatory system) whence it is transmitted in rythmic shocks to the brain, and reflected by the gray matter there to its mysterious inhabitant, Consciousness. If the heart's action be disturbed by passion or emotion, the rythm of such shocks is altered. These passions and emotions have a two-fold source. They may take their rise in outside astral currents proceeding from other lives: they stream into the heart, which—if it accepts the insidious suggestions—passes them along as we have seen, and the man carries them out to pleasure himself unless he controls them by his will. Or such thoughts may proceed from the Universal Mind in original purity, and be misconceived by the elemental self of man. The heart may be either (or both) an organ of action or an organ of perception. As the former, it hurries man along the bustling highways of action and fatally commits him to a return to life. As the latter, it perceives the influx of emotions and classes each as a petition of the body which the calm judge within refuses to entertain. Hence we have the saying, "Keep a steady heart," and hence the repeated injunctions of Vedic literature. It is the object of this letter to examine into the methods of such control, but a word as to the nature of soul is first in order.

Brief statements are necessarily incomplete, but it suffices our present purpose to say that the soul has also two offices. Its higher part communicates with the Divine Spirit: the lower elemental part collects the essential experiences of earth life and transfers them to that higher self. Here is a most important link, because these selections determined the tenor of experience, its spirituality or materiality. These selections again, are governed by the heart, or feeder of the elemental self, and it has in turn the option of choice between the pure or the impure, being, however, like all other parts of man, controllable by his supreme will. As we have seen, the heart must take note of all transmissions from without, but if it remains equilibrated, neither recoiling in horror nor eagerly attracting the material, and "free from the pairs of opposites,"[2] they are not recorded upon the brain with

1 Sankhya, Karika, Thomson's trans.

2 Bagavad-Gita: Ch. 2.

sufficient vividness to become deeds. In other words, the consciousness does not refer them to self and the man is not moved to action. The intellect has another choice : it may discover the *true nature* within all thoughts, and return them, thus raised to their highest power, to strengthen the heart. It thus becomes apparent that we must secure the entire co-operation of the heart in order to train the lower nature to submit to the diviner will of man. We must control and regenerate the mind.

The universal mind is the first production of nature, by which, I mean the eternal nature, the material (so to say and in a sublimated sense) essence of Diety. Evidently the first issuing outward or manifestation of the Unknown, was a Thought. Mind is the link between soul and body ; it is a subtle form of matter, and is the vehicle of the soul, whether in an individual or a universal sense. Even a mode of motion, such as mind, is "matter" as compared with spirit. Mind serving to transmit the outward to the inward, may also convey the internal to the external. It may look forward or back. Be it remembered that spirituality is not what we understand by the words "virtue" or "goodness." It is the power of perceiving formless, spiritual essences. It may be used for good or evil purposes. The heart may be preoccupied with the eternal or the transitory in either (or both) outward and inward, for selfish or unselfish ends. Hence the initial importance of purifying the natural. Within the beast is that luminelle of the World-Soul, the Archaeus[1] which is the medium between God and man, and it may be alchemized[2] to be the Christ or Chrestos which is the mediator "for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world."[3] Thus along the whole line, at every station and in every part, we have the power of choice, we may depart or return. While man is unconscious of his possible destiny, Karma governs automatically. When he becomes integrally conscious of it and the "moment of choice" is reached, he may turn the faculties of every organ either way. The responsibility of that Knowledge is then upon him and all his actions have a centupled power.[4] We must not forget that no part of his body or constitution stand by itself alone, but reacting and interacting forms a compact whole.

When the student examines his heart, he first discovers that he does not at all know it ; he is not what he appears to himself to be. Perhaps he recovers from some grief which he thought would end his life or his interest in life ; or he has longed apparently to end physical suffering by death and finds he has lived on because the real inner man had still the will to live, and finds the intermissions of pain as sweet as by-gone joys.

1 *Isis*. Vol. 2, page 35.

2 *Isis*. Vol. 2, page 12. Note.—"Ether is both pure and impure fire. * * The difference is purely alchemical."

3 Christian Bible.

4 *Light on the Path*. Page 32.

Some withered part of his nature puts forth new buds, or the deadened senses resume the simplicity of youth and with the dying Falstaff he "babbles o' green fields."

> "Festus, strange secrets are let out by Death,
> Who blabs so oft the follies of this world :
> And I am Death's familiar, as you know.
> I helped a man to die, some few weeks since,
> Warped even from his go-cart to one end—
> The living on Prince's smiles, reflected from
> A mighty herd of favorites. No mean trick
> He left untried ; and truly well nigh wormed
> All traces of God's finger out of him.
> Then died, grown old ; and just an hour before—
> Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes—
> He sate up suddenly, and with natural voice
> Said, that in spite of thick air and closed doors
> God told him it was June ; and he knew well
> Without such telling, harebells grew in June ;
> And all that kings could ever give or take
> Would not be precious as those blooms to him."[1]

Perhaps sudden revulsions from the path of evil or pleasure have surprised him ; or at the wizard touch of realization, the lover, the miser, the votary, the worshipper in him kneel no more but pursue the nimble chameleon desire to some remoter shrine. Behold the profound wisdom of Truth, which places the ultimate forever beyond his reach !

Seeing then that he can predicate nothing of himself, the student confines himself to an observation of the feelings welling up from those unfathomed deeps. It is here that I am fain to meet him with a few suggestions, for as I watch that tidal ebb and flow within my breast I see that I tasted so much of the gross sweetness of life in other lives that I know most of it now by reason of its being in me.

It appears insufficient to restrain passion or to check action so that they are pent up within us and wait over for their chance in another life. Under the law of attraction those accumulated forces will draw themselves forcibly together within the dreaming soul and driving outward, propel it back to earth and form. So Behmen tells us that the magnet or essential desire of nature compresses itself into a substance to become a plant and in this compression of the desire becomes a feeling or working, whence comes the growing and smell of the plant, and he goes on to remind us that if it were not for such an outgoing and working of the trinity in the eternal unity, the unity were but a stillness, and there would be no nature, no color, shape or figure, nor any world at all. This is the pattern by which all things proceed.

Neither is it wise to rush on in deliberate expenditure. While the

1 "Paracelsus," by R. Browning.

burnt out nature may leave us in sight of the spiritual, we may stand there too exhausted to put forward the immense effort required to pass through.[1] It is not needful to plunge again into the mud of sensation to know it. Nor yet should we ignore those parts of us which produce such experience, but admit them and test them. We should not willingly rush back into desires of the past, but accept all situations and study them, the heart fixed on the True. Then they do not sweep us off into delirious action, but we convert them into true action. Every man may misinterpret or pervert a true ray; he may reflect or deflect. The particular disposition of each man determines the direction, the mode of expression which he may give to any impulse instilled into his mind; this disposition is regulated by the preponderance and proportions of the "three qualities" in his nature. I shall hope to show that all impulse is based upon the True. We must then carefully watch those indices of old fires which are now only banked, and try to turn their powers, by inwardly knowing them, into our service. The discovery and right use of the true essence of Being—this is the whole secret.

The case standing thus, we ask ourselves what is the strongest motor of man. Is it not Desire? When I look out over life I see this strange potency dissimulating yet forcing its underground current along in defiance of laws and civilizations, asserting itself now and then in colossal upheaval, sacrificing health, wealth, fame, honor, love, and life for the intoxicating passion of the hour. I see also, in the arc of life, how the first fierce color of Desire, burning higher, blends here and there to purer hues in the solvent of the one light, and nerves men to sublime self sacrifice. Then I understand that the cohesion of life is in the True, and that this force, properly understood, must be the clue to man's whole nature. Back of its multiform expressions I find one meaning—desire to be. In lovers, in the poet, in the hero's leap to the deed, in the sensualist's longing to be born anew to joy, even in dumb brutes this vigorous stir of force means to expand one's finest essences for a new result on some one of many planes, and the truth of the eternal creative impulse, shines through the low act, as the fire soul through the opal's cloudy heart. Even in passion, tho' I find six drops of poison to the seventh, in that last drop hides the sublime counterpart. It is fed by some experience. Do not the intense sympathies for others feed and express it? I find that the desire of things is the love of them; this is the "desire which produces will, and it is will which develops force,[2] and the latter generates matter,[3] or an object having form.[4] As the Diety first feels desire "to beget His heart or son," so man follows the divine example, and by transubstantiation, begets a new heart or nature, and a new inner form.

1 See "Gates of Gold."
2 The magnetic force; the soul force.
3 Which is that force condensed.
4 *Isis*, Vol. 2, page 320.

Taking up the fact that man may misunderstand his own heart, I remind you that there are in nature, three great forces.

1st.—The creative. It corresponds to "Love in man." It is "Brahma, the universal expansive force in nature;" the Creator.

2d.—The preservative. It is Maya, the formative power of illusion or ideation; this stands for Vishnu, the preserver, and takes the form of Vanity in man.

3d.—The destructive force. Siva the destroyer; in nature the great separator which annihilating forms or illusions, brings us back to the re-combinations of love and closes the circle. This force is Anger in man, and these three, Love, Vanity, Anger, are the three great gates of life and death.

As the author of "Primary Concepts" has most admirably shown us, all things are dual or polar. The other pole of love is lust; of illusion, falsehood; of anger, justice. Duality is the condition of manifestation: without it the deity must remain forever unseen. There is nothing finally and eternally "good" save the mysterious unit. Neither good nor evil is inherent in manifestations, forms or powers, but depend upon the uses to which these emanations are put. The moment departure from Deity takes place the free-will of Being becomes apparent; two paths present themselves for choice—duality and division. Duality is the harmonious inter-action of two opposites in force. Duality in action is a trinity in unity, composed of two forces and the resultant; this is the condition of life. Division is the discordant, or disconnected working of two forces, whereby one overpowers the other, acts for a time in sterile isolation and then ceases to exist in that shape or form. This is the condition of change or death. Without intercorrelation, without attraction and repulsion, we are without the attributes of life. As the life of the material universe can thus be traced to magnetism or desire, so all our personal desires have a common aim: sensation, or the realization of life. This is also the law of the Deity!

Tracing special desires back to their causes, I find each to be rooted in the True. Ambition is a perverted love of excellence. Falsehood is a misshapen desire to create. Fame is a restricted thirst for the immortal, and so on with all the originally pure thoughts of the universal mind, which have been appropriated and misconstrued by the elementary nature of man. Division has occurred through man's forcible adaptation of a true principle to personal and selfish ends. He ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge on that day when he first conceived good and evil to be single separate modes of progression, instead of counterbalancing powers working together for the same end and confined to the expression of harmony. He will regain his lost Eden on that day when he can look at every desire

in the broad, quiet light of this question: How can I give desire such vent as shall conduce to the benefit of other men? The great watchword of the True is this; in last analysis all things are Divine!

To instance such a mode of dealing with any master passion, we will take up love, itself the basis of all desire. Continuity is said to be the law of laws in the world of effect. Love—the ethical expression of continuity—holds an identical position in the world of cause. Gravitation, polarity, attraction, cyclic necessity: hope, faith, aspiration; the sum of each and all of these is love. By this force, raised to its highest power, Masters become. Their great attainment consists in this—that they embody the law of love.

It would seem then that we should recognize the existence of this huge force of passion within us, so that we may drag it out on our mental and spiritual planes and clutch it so tight that we are master. This is not done by pretending to ourselves that such and such a propensity does not exist. All things must exist in each one of us, and we must understand them all as a figure of the real. For example—the contest of the sexes. Why do women lure men? Why do men rush after them? And do not women act with those who seek them just as nature does with us? She shows a part, and then retreats behind the bars. Then again she comes out and sometimes throws herself into our arms: this latter not so often. Although men and women differ much, either is to the other the mysterious undiscovered, to be conquered and known. Especially does this attraction come out when we have started upon the path, unless where a person is wholly devoid of it by nature, having burnt it out in other lives. What then are we to do? To yield is a mistake; it is the high spring of the impulse that we must understand, and then stand master of the lower form. This is the method spoken of in the Gita as burning it out in the fire of spiritual wisdom, for being bent upon finding the True, we naturally discard these false disguises. This same fight and self examination is to be carried on with the other traits, such as anger, vanity and so on, not referring it to self, but as sharing in the processes of nature, and for the sake of all those who are deluded by their own perversions of the True.

The heart sends out its impulses in circular and magnetic waves of feeling which surge through the man until they reach the coarse outer shell which renders them into the gross terms of matter. That does not suffice the inner man, much less the soul, for what they clamor for so loudly in that throb of fire and blood is the large sensation of those rich fields beyond the Gates of Gold. If we could catch that vibration before it reached the outer body, we should find that the inner man gave it a finer meaning, and if we will drop back within ourselves, we may by introspection come to understand somewhat of this higher language. We can

arrest the ripples of feeling further and further within ourselves if we will to do it, and work off their impulse by the expenditure of higher energies which reacting, feed the soul itself. When we are attacked by an adversary, the universal mind says "separation"; the individual heart translates "anger." When a current of invincible attraction reaches us, the body shouts "passion," but the pure heart whispers "divine love," and gives a thought or act of brotherhood to all. Ah, my comrades, have not we and desire come together to learn this deathless lesson—that joy enduring is not in matter and that even its most tender love can not long contain the strange, the universal heart of man? We must then re-adjust our comprehension to its real meanings. This great victory can be won by supreme effort, and we are preparing ourselves for it by the daily efforts we do make. We may look to the natural laws of energy and growth for further help, and these will form the subject of another letter.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

THE POETRY OF REINCARNATION IN WESTERN LITERATURE.

PART III.

CONTINENTAL POETRY.

Ever since the time of Virgil, whose sixth Eneid contains a sublime version of Reincarnation, and of Ovid, whose metamorphoses beautifully present the old philosophies of metempsychosis, this theme has attracted many European poets beside those of England. While the Latin poets obtained their inspiration from the East, through Pythagoras and Plato, the Northern singers seem to express it spontaneously, unless it came to them with the Teutonic migration from the Aryan cradle of the race, and shifted its form with all their people's wanderings so that it has lost all traces of connection with its Indian source. The old Norse legends teem with many guises of soul-journeying. In sublime and lovely stories, ballads and epics, these heroic vikings and their kindred perpetuated their belief that the human individuality travels through a great series of embodiments which physically reveal the spiritual character. The Icelandic Sagas also delight in these fables of transmigration and still fire the heart of Scandinavia and Denmark. It permeated the Welsh triads, oldest of all

European poetry, and among the early Saxons this thought animated their Druid ceremonies and their noblest literature. The scriptures of those magnificent races whom Tacitus found in the German forests, whose intrepid manliness conquered the mistress of the world, and from whom are descended the modern ruling race, were inspired with this same doctrine. The treasures of these ancient writings are buried away from our sight, but a suggestion of their grandeur is found in the heroic qualities of the nations who were bred upon it. The following selections are representative of the chief branches of Continental European. Boyesen, although an American citizen, is really a modernized Norwegian. Goethe stands for the Teutonic race, and Schiller keeps him good company though it is difficult to quote distinct evidence from the latter. Victor Hugo and Beranger speaks for France, and Campanella represents Italy.

TRANSMIGRATION.

My spirit wrestles in anguish
  With fancies that will not depart
A wraith who borrowed my sunbeam
  Has hidden himself in my heart.

The press of this ancient being
  Compels me forever to do
The phantom deeds of a phantom
  Who lived long ages ago.

The thoughts that I feel seem hoary
  With weight of centuries bent,
My prestine creative gladness
  In happier climes was spent.

My happiest words sound wierdly
  With laughter bathed in dread,
A hollow ghost of laughter
  That is loathe to rise from the dead.

My tear has its fount in dead ages
  And choked with their rust is my sigh,
The haunting voice of a spectre
  Will ne'er from my bosom die.

Perchance in the distant cycles
  My soul from Nirvana's frost
Will gather its scattered life beams
  Rekindling the soul that I lost.

And then I may rise from my graveyard,
  And freed at last, may try
The life of a nobler being
  In the soul that shall then be I.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE SONG OF THE EARTH SPIRITS.

IN GOETHE'S "FAUST."

The soul of man
Is like the water
From heaven it cometh
To heaven it mounteth
And thence at once
It must back to earth
Forever changing.

From Victor Hugo's poem :

"TO THE INVISIBLE ONE."

(A CELLE QUI EST VOILÉE.)

I am the drift of a thousand tides
  The captive of destiny.
The weight of all darkness upon me abides
  But cannot bury me.

My spirit endures like a rocky isle
  Amid the ocean of fate,
The thunderstorm is my domicile,
  The hurricane is my mate.

I am the fugitive who far
  From home has taken flight;
Along with the owl and evening star
  I moan the song of night.

Art thou not too, like unto me
  A torch to light earth's gloom,
A soul, therefore a mystery,
  A wanderer bound to roam.

Seek for me in the sea bird's home,
  Descend to my release,
Thy depths of cavernous shadows dumb
  Illume, thou angel of peace!

As night brings forth the rosy morn
  Perhaps 'tis heaven's law
That from thy mystic smile is born
  A glory I ne'er saw.

In this dark world where now I stay
  I scarce can see myself;
Thy radiant soul shine on my way;
  Duty's my guiding elf.

With loving tones and beckoning hand
  Thou say'st "Beyond the night
I catch a glimpse upon the strand
  Of thy mansion gleaming bright."

Before I came upon this earth
  I know I lived in gladness
For ages as an angel. Birth
  Has caused my present sadness.

My soul was once a heavenly dove
  Thou who all power retains,
Let fall a pinion from above
  Upon this bird's remains!

Yes, 'tis my dire misfortune now
  To hang between two ties
To hold within my furrowed brow
  The earth's clay, and the skies.

Alas the pain of being man
  Of dreaming o'er my fall
Of finding heaven within my span,
  Yet being but a pall;

Of toiling like a galley slave,
  Of carrying the load
Of human burdens, while I rave
  To fly unto my God;

Of trailing garments black with rust
  I, son of heaven above!
Of being only graveyard dust
  E'en though my name is—Love.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

(LA METEMPSYCOSE.)

In philosophic mood, last night, as I was idly lying,
That souls may transmigrate, methought there could be no denying;
So, just to know to what I owe propensities so strong,
I drew my soul into a chat—the gossip lasted long.
"A votive offering," she observed, "well might I claim for thee,
For thou in being had'st remained a cypher but for me.
Yet not a virgin soul was I when first in thee enshrined."
Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.

"Yes," she continued, "yes, of old—I recollect it now—
In humble Ivy was I wreathed round many a joyous brow.
More subtle next the essence was that I essayed to warm—
A bird's, that could salute the skies, a little bird's my form;
Where thickets made a pleasant shade, where Shepherdesses strolled,
I fluttered round, hopped on the ground, my simple lay I trolled,
My pinious grew, while still I flew, in freedom on the wind."
Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.

"Médor my name, I next became a dog of wondrous tact,
The guardian of a poor blind man, his sole support in fact.
A trick of holding in my mouth a wooden bowl I knew,
I led my master through the streets, and begged his living too.
Devoted to the poor, to please the wealthy was my care,
Gleaning as sustenance for one what others well could spare.
Thus good I did, since to kind deeds so many I inclined."
Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.

"Next, to breathe life into her charms, in a young girl I dwelt;
There in soft prison softly housed, what happiness I felt!

Till to my hiding place a swarm of cupids entrance gained,
And after pillaging it well, in garrison remained.
Like old campaigners there the rogues all sorts of mischief did,
And, night and day, while still I lay in a little corner hid,
How oft I saw the house on fire I scarce can call to mind."
Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.

"Some light on thy propensities may now upon thee break,
But prithee, hark! one more remark, I still," says she, "would make.
'Tis this—that having dared one day with heaven to make too free,
God, for my punishment resolved to shut me up in thee;
And, what with sitting up at night, with work and woman's art,
Tears and despair—for I forbear, some secrets to impart,—
A poet is a very hell for souls thereto consigned."
Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find. BERANGER.

A SONNET ON CAUCASUS.

I fear that by my death the human race
Would gain no vantage. Thus I do not die.
So wide is this vast cage of misery
That flight and change lead to no happier place.
Shifting our pains, we risk a sorrier case:
All worlds, like ours, are sunk in agony:
Go where we will, we feel; and this my cry
I may forget like many an old disgrace.
Who knows what doom is mine? The Omnipotent
Keeps silence; nay, I know not whether strife
Or peace was with me in some earlier life.
Philip in a worse prison we hath pent
These three days past—but not without God's will,
Stay we as God decrees: God doth no ill. T. CAMPANELLA.

GOSPELS AND UPANISHADS.

"The principle which gives life, undying and eternally beneficent, is perceived by him who desires perception."

As the clouds are dispelled by the rising sun, so do many things become clear before the growing light of spiritual knowledge. A great initial difficulty is to discern between the lawful and the unlawful, to find the precise boundary between the selfish and the unselfish. Many things which are amongst the lawful, nevertheless seem to be also amongst the selfish; even the first move, the initial devotion to spiritual studies has been stigmatised as selfish, and therefore tainting all that follows. Doubtless it is a difficult task to choose between the sweet and bitter fruit on the tree of knowledge, but still some light may be thrown on the choice.

Let us go back to what is logically, though not perhaps chronologically, the first step in religious consciousness. Religion began, says one of the most discerning students of christianity, when the first man obeyed the deeper law in his heart, which prompted him to restrain his tendency to selfishness and sensuality, to subordinate them to his higher nature, to sacrifice the ephemeral to the durable. The recognition of the earliest whisper of religious consciousness, he considers the characteristic of Israel; and Israel's mission and place in world history is, in his view, the assertion of this intuition. Israel, he says, felt the moral law more vividly, and obeyed it more faithfully than other nations, and Israel's testimony on the subject is among the most precious of the world's possessions. These views are clear and intelligible, and if we examine the record of Israel's religious consciousness, they will appear of great weight.[1]

The essence of Religion is antithesis—opposition between two great forces, powers, or qualities; the quality of the terms of the antithesis gives us a clue to the phase of religious consciousness.

Israel's antithesis was between the "law of the eternal" and the "way of sinners." Further examination shows that the second term meant for Israel the various phases of selfishness and sensuality, of the instincts of self-preservation and reproduction. Opposed to these Israel felt another force, the "law of the Eternal." If an adherence to this Law, and a consequent change of the tendency of life, followed its recognition, Israel experienced as the result a feeling of completeness, strength and happiness. He found that after introducing this new factor into his consciousness he was able to "rejoice and shout for joy." But the recognition of the "Eternal which makes for Righteousness," whose earliest manifestation is the voice of conscience, is not merely the introduction of a new factor, it is a complete alteration of the event of life, of the purpose of existence. Formerly the life was lived for pleasure, for the gratification of egotism, for the satisfaction of desire. Now it is lived for the "Lord," for Holiness, for the Eternal that makes for Righteousness.

This is the teaching of the first Covenant to Israel; the second adds to it, and makes it clearer. Its beginning is of course the same, an intuition of the Law of the Eternal, a sense of Righteousness.

The result of developing and using this sense, of rendering perfect obedience to the "Law of the Eternal," is a feeling of happiness, of invigoration, of renewed life. A complete and persistent adherence to this

1 For all that, in the opinion of the students of the True Law, it was not from a vivid feeling and strict obeying of the moral law that Israel holds such a place in Western religious thought, but because the progenitors of the Jews were Adepts possessing high powers, who by prostituting those to selfish ends, fell from their high estate, while at the same time they retained many high traditions regarding both the moral law and occult wisdom. David and Solomon are examples of some of the greatest of those Adepts falling like stars from heaven.—[Ed.]

law discloses several facts of great importance. The first is, that at any moment there are two different lives possible for any person—the life in the "world," and the life in the "kingdom of heaven." The first is the life which is based on the satisfaction of the lower worldly and sensual desires; the second is lived through the development of the higher nature—that part of us which is in touch with the "Eternal." It is a notable fact, or rather an essential characteristic, in the first of these two lives, that the term "satisfaction of desire" is really incorrect, for the essence of "desire" is the impossibility of satisfying it, the fact that just as the object desired, and eagerly pursued, appears within reach, just as the hand is stretched out to seize it, it suddenly starts away again to an infinite distance. Examples of this truth might be multiplied indefinitely; for example, who has ever known of a rich man come to the conclusion that he had gathered enough wealth, and that it was undesirable to add to it? This fact has been poetically expressed in several forms; its brighter aspect has been symbolised as a child gathering flowers, who always sees farther on a bloom more beautiful than those within his reach; its dark side is the story of the Dead Sea fruit, outwardly beautiful and tempting, with glossy skin, golden and red, but when tasted turning to ashes in the mouth. The recognition of the insatiate nature of desire leads to a complete abandonment of the life in the "world," and an entire devotion to the life in the "Eternal," this change of poles being described as a "death unto sin, and a new birth unto Righteousness." The two chief elements of the life in the "world" which must be annihilated before the life in the "Kingdom" can take its place, are enjoyment of the body, and the existence of the egotism,—the centre of the forces which make up the lower nature.

When this is done and perfect adherence to the law of the "Eternal" is substituted, another fact is discovered. This is the possibility of gradual assimilation to this law, until absolute identification with it takes place. When this identification is complete, the conditions of the "Eternal's" own existence are shared with the added life; a feeling of power, of freedom from death and dissolution, of permanence and eternalness is experienced. This is "inheriting the Kingdom," and "drinking the Water of Life." The new Life is found to be independent of the condition of time, of past, present and future; no temporal considerations apply to it, no such thing as death is possible: this is the true doctrine of the "immortality of the soul" or rather of "the reality of Eternal life." A modern philosopher perceived this clearly when he wrote—"To truth, justice, love, the attribute of the Soul, the idea of immutability is essentially associated." Jesus living in these moral sentiments, heedless of sensual fortunes, heeding only the manifestation of these, never made the separation of the idea of duration from the essence of these attributes, nor uttered a syllable concerning the duration

of the soul. In the flowing of love, in the adoration of humility, there is no question of continuance. The soul is true to itself, and the man in whom it is shed abroad cannot wander from the present, which is infinite, to a future which would be finite. "These facts of religion, the sense of Righteousness, and the life in the Eternal, are as verifiable as that fire burns and that water is wet. It should not be supposed that this is intended to convey the idea that they are easy and simple matters; far from it, they are the most difficult things possible. The world's materialism, the prevailing religious ideas, the neglect of your intuition, the dominance of desires, all these complicate the nevertheless absolutely verifiable problem. Just as a polar ice-field, far from all fuel, complicates the problem of demonstrating that fire is hot, or the sandy Arabian desert, makes it no easier to prove that water is wet. Difficulties which are certain to occur have been stated many times, and need not be repeated. The answer, therefore, to the problem of the precise extent of selfishness is that everything which belongs to the temporary, illusory life—the life in the "world" is selfishness, while everything which belongs to my true life, the life in the Eternal, is unselfish, is my eternal birthright, and imperative to be done.

The case may be also stated thus, all things tend to fulfil the law of their nature. The plant tends to produce leaves, branches and fruit; if prevented it droops, withers and dies. The soul seeks stability, strength, peace; not finding these it fails to fulfil its law, suffering and sorrow are the inevitable result. All actions that do not help me to fulfil the law of my nature are wrong; such are all things selfish and sensual; from them never arise peace and happiness, nor ever can. But everything which tends to the fulfilment of the perfect law is my unalienable right and necessity; as light and water are the indispensables of the plant. Such is the answer that the religion of the gospels gives to our problem, if we interpret it on the lines of one of its most enlightened advocates. Yet in spite of this intuitional grasp of christianity—the outcome of the religious semitic mind—or perhaps on account of this very sympathy with it, this same critic shows an almost entire inability to master the expression of Aryan religious feeling. Alluding to the theory of the author of "La science des religions" that christianity is only cloudy Aryan metaphysics, he says "such speculations take away the breath of the mere man of letters." Burnouf conceives the object of Aryan faith to be that idea of the Absolute which the semitic mind could never grasp; a conception, or rather a non-conception resembling the "Unknowable" of Herbert Spencer. But what appears to me the true Aryan faith teaches something quite different from Herbert Spencer's "Unknowable Absolute". It was hardly the doctrine of the Absolute Schopenhauer spoke of, when he said, "it has been my solace in life, it will be my solace in death." It is hardly devotion to the Un-

knowable that makes the Hindu eat religiously, live religiously and die religiously. Such emotion for the Abstract Vast is hardly within the power of the mere mortal. It seems to me that the true Aryan faith is the doctrine of the Atma or Highest Self. The Self stands apart, silent, unmoving, eternally at rest. It is reflected in the phenomenal world, as the sun is reflected in a stream. When the Highest Self is reflected in that bundle of objectivities called a body the illusion of the egotism or delusive self is created, which causes the expressions "I" and "mine" to be attributed to the body. The various changes and disturbances in the bundle of objectivities cause perturbation of the illusory self as the wind blowing on the stream causes disturbance of the image of the sun. The true Self, like the sun, remains unmoved and changeless.

The idea of self-hood is applied to the egotism by Illusion. I have seen an illusionary identification of interest in an external object cause as lively emotion as physical pain: for example, I have seen a person suffer as keenly when a china vase fell and was broken, as if the accident had happened to a part of the body. The Illusion produces a pseudo-sensation of the injury to the vase, just as if it were penetrated by real sensory nerves. Exactly similar is the illusion by which interest is involved in the body or the egotism. They have not the property of self-hood, any more than the vase. Whenever sleep overtakes us, both body and personality cease to exist as far as our consciousness is concerned. Shall we then make a god of this twelve hours' potentate? who only requires the approach of night to banish him from existence. The essential quality of self-hood which our consciousness demands is absolute and inviolable permanence. Whatever once really exists can never cease to exist. Our Highest Self, our Atma, we perceive within us, or rather, perception takes place, what is called perception being the first undefined motions of essential Being struggling to assert itself. The gradual perception of the fact that the illusory personality is not the true Self, the slow realisation of the true Self, the consequent detachment of interest from the personality, the transfer of interest to the Highest Self. These form some of the first steps of the Ayran doctrine. But before perception can take place, before the true Self can dawn on the mind, all evil desires must cease. "He who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil with passions subdued, he can never obtain the Self."[1] Thus we found that the faith of the gospels teaches that the evil passions must be overcome before the life in the eternal can be reached. For the Self is the Eternal, and the life of the Highest Self is Eternal life. Another truth in the Aryan doctrine, involved in the very term Highest Self, is thus expressed: "There is one eternal thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts, who though one fulfils the desires of many,

1 Upanishads.

the wise who perceive him in their self, to them belongs peace and not to others." This recognition of the Ancient in the Self is thus expressed by Jesus—"I and the Father are one." The gradual recognition that the Highest Self is really your self, the realiest part of you, is the Aryan way of expressing the semitic idea of *becoming* the Eternal. It is really becoming gradually aware of the fact that you have been the Eternal all the while and had forgotten it. The "one who fulfils the desires of many", is the self, and this statement of the fact that this self is my self, your self and every one else's self, is semitically expressed thus, "love your neighbors as yourself." This unity of self in many apparently different selfs is the metaphysical basis of the doctrine of universal Brotherhood. Progress begins with an intuitive perception, in the gospel of the inferiority of the law of the "world" and of the majesty of the law of the Eternal, in the Upanishads of the non-essential nature of the egotism, and of the divine pre-eminence of the Highest Self. Without this initial intuition it is difficult to understand how progress could take place. To minds of one type it will take the semitic, to minds of another it will take the Aryan form. Recent teaching has declared "within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the path. Seek out the way by making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within. Steadily as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger, then you may know that you have found the beginning of the way, and when you have found the end its light will suddenly become the infinite light." This initial perception leads to a resolute destruction of the lower nature; when this is completed the Highest Self will be clearly perceived. It was the instinctive struggle of the nature to establish the true relation between the Highest Self and the egotism which led to the primary intuition. Let those who desire to possess this intuition, but do not yet possess it, take courage, for the aspiration is the sure precursor of perception, as the dawn is of the day. First comes this desire, or rather, aspiration towards spiritual life, then comes intuitional perception of the Highest Self. The Eternal which is struggling, as it were, to free itself from the bonds of matter, gradually frees itself till at last it is entirely liberated and starts away an infinite distance from matter, across an impassable gulf, and then comes perception of the fact that it was not really the Highest Self at all which was enthralled. A few of the teachings of the Ayran doctrine concerning the Highest Self may help us here. "The self, the Ancient is unborn eternal, everlasting; he is not killed though the body is killed. If the killer thinks he kills, if the killed thinks he is killed, they do not understand. The knower, the self, is not born; it dies not. When all desires that dwell in the heart cease, then the mortal becomes immortal and obtains the Highest. The wise man who by means of meditation or his self, recognises the Ancient—(who is difficult to be

seen, who has entered into the dark, who dwells in the abyss)—as God he indeed leaves pleasure and pain far behind; he rejoices because he has obtained a cause for rejoicing. The sun does not shine there, nor the moon, nor the stars; when He shines, everything shines after Him." Having conquered the desires of the egotism, having overcome the illusion of the body, "stand aside in the battle and look for the warrior. Obey him as though he were thy self, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires. He is thy self, yet thy art but finite, and liable to error. He is eternal and sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy warrior, he will never utterly desert thee, and at the day of the great peace he will become one with thee."

> "Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet,
> The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
> Stronger than woe is will: that which was good
> Doth pass to better—Best."

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

PAPYRUS.

The Tale-teller, shading his gentle eyes from the evening sun, paused a moment while he listened to the soft strains of the music as it floated out from the open Temple. The joyous crowd swept by unheeding, except for one or two who dropped out of the current and were left stranded among those who had gathered at his feet. Presently he came back from the realm of harmony whither he had drifted, and as the world-light once more stole over his face he told the tale of:

"THREE WHO SOUGHT OUT THE WAY."

Word had gone forth over all lands "that all who sought earnestly and in the true manner should find the way to the mysterious Temple of the Veiled Goddess."

Three kings of the land, moved by the power of the words, determined that they also would become students and reach the goal.

Intu, the Illustrious, making ready for the search, deemed nothing else could be more potent in his quest than the seal of his kingdom. Thereupon he bound on his forehead the Great Seal, a hawk.

Kour, the Magnificent, making ready for the way thought nothing could be more powerful in his searching than the seal of his kingdom. Making ready he bound upon his breast the Great Seal, a golden heart.

Kadmon, the Sorrowful—a king only by sufferance, for his kingdom consisted only of that which the others did not value—Kadmon deemed it wise also, inasmuch as they would all journey together, to take his seal;

which was the two others in union; but furthermore, he blindfolded his eyes.

The Three passing onward encountered many strange and unfamiliar things, for the road was new, and no wayfarer could know more than one step onward, which was the one he was then taking. Upon each side, and frequently in front, barring the way, were curious objects, sometimes pleasant and agreeable, but more often quite the reverse. The foliage of the trees was new and strange, while the fruits were perplexing in their incongruity. At times the same fruits grew on different sorts of trees, while at others the same sort of trees bore entirely dissimilar fruits. The path which they were pursuing was quite the opposite of an ordinary one, for before them it was visible but one step, while it stretched far into the distance behind them. Intu, however, had already made all plain to himself by a process of reasoning entirely his own. It was, that these things being the direct opposite of all in his own country which he ruled, therefore they could only be caused by some one different from himself—a superior being, that being must be the Goddess—therefore they were upon the right path, at least he was.

Kour thought these things delightful, they were so strange, so new. In fact they were phenomenal and he loved phenomena. They gave him such queer sensations, and anything which did that or made him feel other than when in his own land—must be caused by the Goddess—oh yes, they were on the right path, at least he was. As for Kadmon he seeing none of these things, could only judge by that which he remembered of his own country. Each of the others told him of their existence in their own way. This was confusing. He determined, therefore, to walk onward as if he were in his own land, but to press steadily on. They were thus, in reality treading three separate paths, and in their several ways they passed many persons who had stopped to rest—to eat or sleep—or because the way was dark and difficult; some because they were too poor, others because they were ill, footsore or blind. Intu lost some time, for he stopped to argue with many on the peculiarities of the way and the logical reasonableness of it, but he had no time to pause for aught else.

Kour felt for the wayfarers, he was sorry for and loved them. If they would only feel as he did they could go on easily, but he had no time to stop to make them feel that way.

Both Intu and he had all such people in their own lands. There was no time to waste on natural things. It was the supernatural in a metaphysical or soul-stirring way they sought.

And Kadmon, the Sorrowful, paused. In his land these were to be found also. He too realized the reasonableness of the way. He too loved it and was exalted by it. He too felt for and loved the other wayfarers.

He did more—he sorrowed for them. What mattered it if he did not find the temple immediately, he was young, the others growing old and blind, they were sorrowful and weary. So he stopped and gave his thoughts and help to the ill, cheering the weary, helping the poor, and blindfolded as he was, led the blind over the step he had just passed. So interested did he become in these labors he forgot he was himself seeking the Goddess.

It was but a little distance farther on that they caught up with Intu, which was not surprising as he had reached the end of his path. It had ended at a stone wall. As he could not scale the wall, he sat down to reason "why an ordinary stone wall should obstruct such an extraordinary path?" Being a very perplexing intellectual problem—there he remained. A little farther and Kour was passed. He had encountered a radiant maiden, partially veiled, who told him wonderous tales of strange happenings. Her manner was very mysterious, and he felt she was the Goddess. Taking her hand in his and leaning his head upon her bosom, he was so happy that he knew she was the Goddess and there he remained to dream.

And Kadmon, tarrying with the sorrowful and weary, felt the bandage slip from his eyes, as the light from the rising sun streaming in red and gold over the path fell upon and glorified the ragged wayfarers. In the brilliance over their heads he read the words: "This way lies the path to the Temple" while a soft voice breathed into his soul: "By the way of Intu alone, the path is not found. By that of Kour alone, it is not gained. Both wisely used in unison are guides while on the road. By something, which is greater than either, only, is the Temple reached. Work on!"

And the sorrowful, taking in his own, the hands of the weary and weak, passed on.

RAMESES.

NOTES ON THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

FROM ELIPHAS LÉVI'S WORKS.

(*Continued.*)

To be able to command this agent, is to be the depository of the power of God Himself: all effective Magic, all real power, is there: and all books of true science have no other aim than to demonstrate this. In order to command this great magical agent two things are necessary—to *concentrate*, and to *project*. On one of the arms of the Androgyne of Henri Khunrath, is inscribed "COAGULA:" on the other, "SOLVE,"—to concentrate, and to expand, are the two master words of Nature: but how can we "concentrate," or "expand," the Astral Light, the soul of the world? concentration

may be effected by isolation, and expansion by the magic chain. But he who has prejudices or fears, who is passionate, or a slave of his passions, can never concentrate nor coagulate the Astral Light. All true Adepts have been self centred, sober, and chaste even unto death: and the reason of this is, that in order to be master of a force, it must not be permitted to have dominion over us.

To form "the magic chain," is to establish a magnetic current, which becomes powerful in proportion to its length. Enthusiasm is contagious, because it is only produced by settled faith: and faith begets faith; to believe, is to will with reason; to will with reason is to will with a power. I do not say infinite, but indefinite.

All enthusiasm propagated in a society by means of regular practices and communications, creates a magnetic current, and conserves and augments itself by means of this current. The tendency of this current is to carry away and exalt, often beyond measure, persons of a weak or impressionable nature, those of nervous organisms, and temperaments predisposed to hysteria or hallucination: such persons become powerful media of communication of the magic force, and facilitate the transmission of the Astral currents: To oppose the manifestations of such currents, therefore, is, as it were, to fight against fate. When the young Pharisee, Saul, threw himself with all the fanaticism of a head-strong sectary, against the overwhelming spread of Christianity, he placed himself, without knowing it, at the mercy of that power he thought to combat: accordingly, he was thunder-struck by a terrible magnetic flash, which was rendered more instantaneously effective, no doubt, by the combined action of a cerebral congestion and a burning sun.

There are some sects of enthusiasts at whom we may laugh—while at a distance—but in whose ranks we enlist, in spite of ourselves, as soon as we come within the sphere of their influence.. These magnetic circles and magnetic chains sometimes establish themselves automatically, and influence, in accordance with fatal laws, those who expose themselves to their action: every one of us is perforce drawn into such a circle of relations, which constitutes his world, and to whose influence he must submit.

Great cycles make great men, and vice versa: there are no "misunderstood geniuses:" there are '*eccentric*" men, and the word is so admirably descriptive, that it seems that it might have been invented by an Adept. The eccentric man of genius is he who seeks to establish a circle for himself by combatting the forces of central attraction and the established currents: his fate is either to be crushed in the struggle, or to succeed.

The man of genius is he who discovers a real law, and consequently possesses an invincible power of action and direction: he may possibly die in the accomplishment of his work, but what he wills comes to pass in spite

of his death, and often even because of it, for death is a veritable assumption: "If I be lifted up" said the greatest of Initiates," "I will draw all men unto me."

The law of magnetic currents is the law of the movement of the Astral Light: this movement is always double and propagates itself in contrary directions. A great action always opens the way for a great re-action, and the secret of consummate success lies solely in the ability to foresee re-actions. To oppose one's self to a current that is beginning to run its circle, is to court destruction: to oppose a current that has run through its circle, is to take lead of the reflex currents: the great man is he who appears at the right moment, and can decipher the meaning of the new movement.

The various phenomena which have lately excited so much interest in Europe and America, the rapping tables, and fluidic manifestations, are merely magnetic currents which are beginning to form spontaneously; and are, in fact, the solicitations of Nature, inviting us, for the good of Humanity, to form again the great sympathetic and religious chain: for the stagnation of the Astral Light means the annihilation of the human race: and even the stagnation of this agent is from time to time manifested, by terrifying symptoms of decomposition and death: Cholera Morbus, for example, and the diseases of the grape, and the potatoe, have no other cause than this. All the mysterious movements of tables are attributable to this universal magic agent; which seeks a chain of enthusiasms, in order to form new currents: it is a force blind in itself, but which may be directed by the will of man: and it is influenced by prevailing opinions: this universal fluid, if we may so call it, being the common medium of all nervous organisms, and the vehicle of all sensitive vibrations, establishes between persons of an impressionable nature, an actual physical solidarity, and transmits, from one to another, the impressions of imagination and thought.

The movement of an inert body, determined by the undulations of the universal agent, obeys the dominant impression, and reproduces in its revelations sometimes the lucidity of the most marvellous visions, sometimes the oddity and deception of the most incoherent dreams.

Thus, the extravagances of the ecstatics of St. Medard, the phenomena of raps in furniture, of musical instruments playing apparently of their own accord, are all illusions produced by the same cause.

The exaggerations which are induced by that fascination which is a peculiar intoxication, caused by the congestion of the Astral Light, the oscillation impressed on inert matter by the subtle and universal agent of movement and of life is all that there is at the bottom of much that is so apparently marvellous, as one can easily convince himself, by producing them, at will, by following the directions laid down in the "Dogma and *Ritual.*"

B. N. Acle, F. T. S.

"THE WORD."

I have read with great interest the excellent article entitled "Heralds from the Unseen" in the April number of THE PATH, and which expresses my own views perhaps more completely than I expressed them in an article to the *Theosophist*, to which reference is made, and which seems to have given rise to some misconception. It is, however, stated in my paper on "Occultism in Germany," that a beginner may obtain a certain *Word* by a "Master" to practice, which would just suit his condition, and Mr. Niemand asks: "Why should an Adept be needed when Ishwar resideth in the breast of every mortal being." It is perfectly true that Ishwar resides in every human heart; but not everyone is able to hear distinctly what he says, or to recognize his presence there. In my opinion the practical "Word" serves the especial purpose to bind and control one's thoughts and to raise the vibrations within, so as to bring them into harmony with that Light which one desires to enter so that we may recognize the Ishwar within ourselves. Mr. Niemand says: "Whatever tends to raise the vibration is of value. Your intuitions must direct you to a wise adminture." Supposing, however, that your own intuitions are not sufficiently strong to be unmistakably understood by you, or—in other words—that you are not yet enough spiritually advanced to understand the voice of the Ishwar within; would it not be useful to obtain instructions, such as exactly suit your condition from some Adept, or through the instrumentality of some one through whom the Ishwar can speak comprehensibly to your lower self? Surely an Adept cannot do the thinking or growing for another person; but he may guide a person either by the silent influence of his thoughts or by giving him verbal or written instructions. He may thus aid the disciple, so that the latter may find his own *Master* within himself, which is the only Master that anyone is entitled to worship, because it is each one's own Higher Self.

In that article "Occultism in Germany" it is stated that the exercise of charity, or the promulgation of doctrines, etc., are not sufficient for practical progress, and Mr. Niemand thinks that by making this statement virtue has been somewhat belittled. If so, the *Bagavad-Gita* might be construed as belittling it likewise; for it belittles those works which—although being considered good—are the outcome of Rajo-Guna.[1] There are millions of people who perform acts of charity from some motive or other, or who attempt to teach others things of which they know little themselves, and

1 There is no real difference between the author and Jasper Niemand. Bagavad-Gita allows that "works" must be performed, but always insists on Charity and Devotion. This Devotion is to be directed toward the One Life, and until all acts are performed with that in the mind, there will be constant rebirths.—[ED.]

who nevertheless—or perhaps on account of their motives—make very little progress in the knowledge of self. One of the main points besides the practice of universal charity without any selfish interest, seems to be not only the control of the passions, but also to obtain perfect mastery over one's own *thoughts*. The practice of the "Word" seems to be the most efficient method to learn how to control one's thoughts, as it forces the latter to remain concentrated upon that word. The reason why many "Yogees" practice the pronunciation of OM often for years without any apparent progress, may be due to the cause that they pronounce it with their lips and not with their hearts. In such a case this practice will be as useless as the repetition of a litany, while the mind is wandering without restraint wherever it pleases. It can furthermore not be immaterial what Word or object a person selects to rest his thoughts upon, as every word corresponds to a certain idea, and the mind should rest upon the highest conception which it is able to grasp; nor can we grasp anything which is not within ourself, and before we can grasp it fully and comprehend it intellectually, we must first be able to feel it within ourselves. The great mistake which our "psychical researchers" make, is that they attempt to hunt in externals for things which they can only find within themselves, and that they seek to understand intellectually things which they do not feel, or which—if they feel them—they reject and call "hallucinations."

It seems, moreover, that besides the above mentioned use of the "Word" if practiced properly, there is an occult power connected with this practice by which some spiritual forces may be set in motion, which will tend to awaken the spiritual consciousness. This power has already been referred to in Mr. Niemand's article.

Spiritual life surely consists in giving up the idea of self; and even for that purpose the practice of the Word seems to me highly useful, because he who practices it properly, does not think of himself, but of a condition which is superior to self. What else can the practice of the Word be, but a fervent prayer, spoken by the soul, with a full concentration of mind; a prayer which is at the same time a command, by which the king within assumes mastery over the animal forces? What else can it be but a simultaneous exercise of thought and Will, such as is said to take place in the bosom of Brahm at the beginning of each Manvantara?[1] If God in his own essense said at the beginning: "Let there be Light;" and it was Light, why could not the God in Man repeat the process, and say within his own heart, firmly and full of devotion. "Let there be Light," and is it not possible that it might then become light within; provided the words are properly pronounced, not with the lips, but with the thought and the Will.

It may be that a person can get along well enough without receiving

1 Manifestation of a world or system.—[Ed.]

any instruction or help from Adepts, provided he is without such aid able to find the "Lord of all worlds," and there are also others who, when they heard of the Adepts, have begun to seek only for them, instead of seeking for the Master within, but there are also those who desire the truth for its own sake and do not possess sufficient wisdom to find it unaided; and to those the Adepts may give their aid, perhaps invisibly and unconsciously to the former, provided they deserve it by seriously desiring to give up their own selves. Such at least seems to have been the prevalent belief even in the most ancient times, and all the forms of initiation as well as modern church-institutions and educational arrangements are based upon the supposition that those who know a great deal can inform those who know less, and benefit them thereby. This truth is too self-evident to need any explication.

I am glad that Mr. Niemand has called attention to this question, as it shows that in speaking about occult matters it is necessary to be very explicit to avoid being misunderstood.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

LITERARY NOTES.

LUCIFER: A NEW THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE.—Madame H. P. Blavatsky, who is now in London, has started the above periodical which is to appear monthly.[1] It is edited by the Sphinx of the 19th century associated with Mabel Collins, the gifted author of *Light on the Path* and *Through the Gates of Gold.*

Many persons have recoiled from the name because of its unpleasant appropriation by Milton for the use of Satan. But history shows that with the early Christian it was a name of promise—that of The Light Bearer. As the editors announce, "The Light Bearer is at war with no man."

To bring to light is its great function. Some disclosures will be painful, for it will uncover many carefully concealed fester-spots of our present civilization, and reveal, as by a microscope, the nature and source of many corruptions in the social fabric. Yet also it will expound truth, truth that students of occultism desire to know,—but not all.

Madame Blavatsky for many years has braved the tongue of scandal and the finger of scorn, as well as the distant mutterings of actual physical persecution, while pushing forward the Cause of Universal Brotherhood, and she will hardly stop now at the beginning of actual warfare. Twelve years of the Theosophical Society life have almost closed, bringing nearer the

1 London: George Redway; price one shilling monthly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GATES OF GOLD; LIGHT ON THE PATH; IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

LONDON, July 17, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATH:

SIR:—I should be very glad if you would allow me to inform your readers that the Preface which I have added to the new edition of "The Gates of Gold" I propose to add also to "The Idyll of the White Lotus" and "Light on the Path," as soon as there is any opportunity for me to do so. I believe a new edition of "Light on the Path" will soon appear, to which I shall make this addition. The explanation I now make seems to me to be necessary, as some of your readers are under the mistaken impression that I intended this preface to constitute a kind of separate claim for "The Gates of Gold." This is not so. That book and the "Idyll of the White Lotus," were written in the same manner. As to "Light on the Path" that is a collection of axioms which I found written on the walls of a certain place to which I obtained admittance, and I made notes of them as I saw them. But I see no feasible method of making such explanations to the public, and therefore at present I propose to place this preface before each of the books.

Very truly yours,

MABEL COLLINS.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Since last writing, other anecdotes of children have been sent us. One friend writes: "In our city is a child of five years, well known to me. Since she could speak she has constantly told her mother that she was some forty years old, and is always telling what she used to do before she came to her present mother."

Still another: "An only daughter of a friend of mine at two years of age was constantly saying in her play; 'My other little sister in heaven does this, or does that.'" Also I heard lately of a young girl who was born a very sad and peculiar child. She frequently refers to the fact that it is all very probable that her present parents and relatives *are* her father, mother and aunts, but adds; "I have another mother somewhere, but I don't know where she is now."

Speaking of pictures of future events in the astral light, when with the Tea Table recently, Quickly gave an excellent reply to some rather nervous queries from the ladies regarding such "omens" as visions of death scenes or funerals passing by. Said he: "They are, of course, compounded; there are other elements in them than those of thought. But the causes must already exist, for if I died now, my relatives have a fair general idea of the kind of funeral I should have," (shudders from the ladies,) "and so the whole scene might easily be pictured and suddenly seen by a person in a tense nervous condition. Then again, in most cases, a train of similar

causes will always produce similar effects or pictures. The soul, having an enormous power of induction, can begin with a known cause; its effect becomes another cause. Unthinking men acting blindly, will always be moved in known and easily premised ways: thus all the elements can be calculated in an instant and a long distant event be seen. It appears in some cases to be an extension of the power of cause calculation possessed by many. There are various methods in life which show that all this can be done. See the doctrine of least squares, and others."

Curious event lately. A friend received a postal card from a lady customer in Wisconsin, calling attention to the fact that her order for goods had not been filled. He read it carefully, and as he supposed, took it to the shipping office for attention. Next morning in his mail was what he took for a duplicate card from the same lady. He read it and thought, "she has written twice so as to make sure." But in the office he found no previous one, and the clerk said he had brought in none the day before. It was a case of seeing the card one day ahead, and, as he says, "it was rather confusing, as I am ready to swear I had one the day before. Still on examining the real one, it was too perfectly like the first to be in fact a duplicate. She would hardly he likely to make such a fac-simile."

An earnest student of the Bible reminds me of the following in support of Reincarnation. Daniel and John are both told that they shall come again to the world in its latter days. Jesus tells John he shall tarry in this life or within its sphere, until he (Jesus) comes. Jesus also recognizes the law of Karma in the scene with the blind man. "Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was born blind?" There is a recognition of evolutionary law in these other words of the Gospel. "Jesus said: even of these stones God is able to raise up children unto Abraham." So the one primeval substance (Mulaprakriti) by degrees develops and advances through inorganic and organic stages, up to the dawn of self consciousness in men or to the diviner man, to God. It is the old story of Pyrrha and Deucalion producing men out of stones and populating the world under the direction of Themis (wisdom). Solomon says: "Being good, I came into a body undefiled." A very pregnant fact is that stated by able Kabbalists, that in Genesis the word *nephesch*—soul—is only so translated when applied to man; the translators have taken it upon themselves to alter it to "living creatures" and otherwise, the moment it is applied, as it is, to beasts. The early church, determined to force doctrines of its own, has much to answer for in the "*authenticated*" translation of scriptures. There is the parable of leaven (spirit) taken by the woman, (divine sophia or wisdom; the female principle) and hidden in three measures of meal (the body, astral fluidic body and the soul) until the whole is leavened, which a well known author points out as another theosophical teaching from the words of Jesus. It is easy to multiply such instances, for as has been shown over and over, all the leading points of Christian belief, as well as most of the teachings of Jesus have been attributed to Buddha, Osiris, Zoroaster, Mithras, and many others. In the Asoka rock sculptures, (Hindostan, 500 B. C. or more) are found representations de-

clared by English and other travellers to show the birth in the manger, the mother and child, the inspired Christ teaching the people and so on. History gives us the crucifixion of Mithras, Horus and Crishna in the arms of a virgin mother; the ascension of Heracles. St. Augustine sums up the fact that all creeds are at their base, one and the same, in the following words: "For the thing itself which is now called the Christian religion really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race, until the time that Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion which had previously existed, began to be called 'Christian,' and this in our day is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received this name." (Op. Vol. 1, Page 12.) And St. Paul: "The gospel which ye have heard and which was preached *to every creature under heaven*, whereof I, Paul, am made minister." This is said to have been written (Col. 1. 3.) at a time when outside of Jerusalem, a small Romish congregation comprised almost all the gospel converts of the historical apostles.

Inquirers have asked us here and there, if we do not think the "Christian religion" as taught by its Founder, and in its esoteric sense, better suited to our nation and to the people. That sex which is all tenderness (or *almost* all!) furnishes other members who assure us that in this form of religion there is more to touch the heart. I answer: more to touch *your* heart, perhaps, but for *the heart* you cannot speak. Hearts are as we make them, and each heart is all too little known to its possessor. The heart rejoices in strong emotions, in striking the note of life over and over under a keen desire to feel in matter. The thinker asks himself how far he is wise in deliberately consigning himself to a form of belief *because* it makes him feel; *because* it stimulates emotion; *because* it appeals to ignorance in the mass, the people being very ignorant of true things. That is very much like the method pursued in some fashionable schools with drawing, music and the like, where the children are not taught from first principles, but how to make a little show quickly, under the plea that if they show any talent, they may learn on scientific principles later. Result—either the pupil cannot be dragged from the rut of habit, or has to unlearn everything before learning aright. A tendency towards any religion in its true, inner form is a noble one, sure to bear fair fruit. It is a fact that we can only really live that which we feel. But how if we can feel what we will, if we have the capability for grander conceptions; if we have an inner eye framed to look straight at the sun and to eschew reflections? Some friends around the Tea Table bring a charge of coldness against the Eastern teachings. It is not a just charge; it is they who are cold to its splendor. They warm to know things, and to such expositions of the Divine in matter as come within their conceptions and national modes of thought. They do not ask whether these concepts are thorough ones; They "feel them," that is enough. Such students have taken the first step; a near and a safe step. The great danger is that they will remain there; that they will not grow beyond that form. The great power of religions over the human heart arises from their appeal to its prime weak-

ness—the attachment to know forms. The selfish desire to maintain the present personality, the inner worship of the "I," the lower self, has awakened and fixed that weakness. Form is the medium in which the soul advances through matter until it has learned the larger method and rises by "ascension of state." To gain the adherence of man, religions limit him to an especial form of thought, and while in great measure protecting and elevating him, they become fetters if he does not grow up to them and cast their leading strings aside in favor of the direct teaching of Deity to all souls. "We are wiser than we know. If we will not interfere with our thought, but will act entirely, or see how the thing stands in God, we know the particular thing and every thing and every man."[1] Oliver Cromwell once said: "A man never rises so high as when he knows not whether he is going." One versed in holy mysteries said recently when consulted about an aspirant for chelaship: "having the right *motive* he is all right. His *views* are of no use to him. * * He had better be ready to alter them as he passes on," and then went on to say that those views being with all of us the result of mere worldly experience or the teachings of others, it was first necessary to realize that we knew nothing, and had been taught only falsehoods.

Every truth, and the one truth, may be differently given by different minds. If I wish to win over a Teuton, a Frenchman, a Briton, I do not—and I am a man of the world and know my world—I do not use the same style of address to each. One wrote me not so long ago: "Julius; beware of words, they are traps. Look to the truth beneath that form."

One class of students is represented by a woman from whose locked note book I take the following: "I have been deceived by the world and by my own heart too long. I must have the *exact truth*, if it kill me!" Companions like these may take the gates by storm, and advance, as they say in the old manuscripts, "drums beating, colors flying, matches light at both ends, bullet in the mouth." It was truly said by Mahomet: "Paradise is under the shadow of swords." And hear Emerson again: "The terror of reforms is that we must cast away our virtues, or what we have always esteemed as such, into the same pit that has consumed our grosser vices."

Those words from that locked book are a clue to much. "*The exact Truth.*" No appeal to my emotions, to that heart which has so often betrayed me, but a sure basis on which I may stand firm. When we need truth utterly, with the hungry reach of the soul, we stand where we are sick and weary of those religions which told us of the soul, of truth and hope, in thrilling tones, and bidding us bow at the shrine of a creed, told us no more. We turn to the Wisdom-Religion which alone came to us with proofs of these actualities and their powers in nature. If we made one step outside the regions of emotion, not a religion, not a science met us with a helping hand but this one. The superiority of the Orient consists in this: she has reduced truth to a science by which man may apprehend, not her proportions, but her illimitable reach; a science whereby the Way may be shortened for man. Lest this far reaching system appear to set a boundary or a trap for his free

1 Emerson.

thought even in the remote distance, she hastens to add that the soul is boundless and that it is all. She has taken those loving words, which moved man briefly and left him free to forget them, and showed him why love and faith were vital to him, and made them part of his being by fixed laws. If the terms of truth seem frigid to us, it must be because we are too well used to the temporary heat of emotional fires which require constant stoking, so that we know nothing of the vivifying beat of the living light on the fainting soul. Perhaps we are dazzled at the vast prospect and scurry back into our accustomed forms as prairie dogs into their holes at the sudden up shooting of the sun. Or are we wilfully blind to the love at the heart of it, deaf to the declaration: "The magnetism of pure love is the originator of every created thing?"[1] We might paraphrase scripture by exclaiming: Greater love hath no God than this, that He pour out His life to make gods! What other religion has revealed a Deity so transcendent, humanity so divine? What other has put the Ultimate before us in conceivable terms? What other occupied for centuries in framing a science, a way to assist men, has broken the silence of ages, the seals of the mysteries, or thrown open the solemn portals to those who dare rightly aspire? What other, casting aside the safeguard of parable, has plainly declared the meaning of all parable, or revealed the full Light where later systems obscurely hinted at partial rays? What do we know of the esoteric teaching of any religion or mysticism save what the Orient has recently taught us? What other comes forward with teachers, gives out truth with perfect disinterestedness, and inspires writers of both sexes, of all ages and nations to declare systematized, scientific, active love to a mechanical age? What are tender words, and fair appeals to our ethical sense of beauty, or even the almighty power of gush, compared to that love which is shown by daily care for the interests of mankind? What if mere words sound foreign and cold; the facts attest that only love transcendent can beget such devotion, and that without the firm assurance of "exact truth" based upon a system of love outblazing all systems, could these teachings have endured throughout all time.

Let each one believe what he can, until he resolves that he *will* find and cling to truth in its fullness, but let no one deny to the Wisdom-Religion the supreme glory of having worked for Humanity with the steadfast devotion of ages, until the hour arose for the second command: "Let there be Light." This light it has given us; let us be just in return.

"Justice being preserved, will preserve; being destroyed, will destroy. Take heed lest justice, being overthrown, overthrow thee and us all." (Manu.)

Well, friends, I don't know what more I can say. In my part of the country there's plenty of crossroads running in all directions, but when farmers mean to go quick and sure, they just strike out for the pike. JULIUS.

If a man understands the Self, saying "I am He," what could he wish or desire that he should pine after the body.—*Upanishad.*

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1 *Isis*, Vol. 1. page 210.